

1940

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Derne Street on Beacon Hill

Boston, Mass.



THE ABHIS

Abington High School, Abington, Mass.



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JUNE, 1940

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Earl Wright

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Betty Smith

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HAPPY LANDING



ALBERT SZEMATOWICZ Al, Smitt

Class President; Varsity Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Green & White 3, 4; English Club President 2.



BRONIA ZAKRZEWSKA Bea, Bushie

Class Vice-president; Science Club 3, Vice-President 4; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; *Abhis* Representative 3; English Club 2.

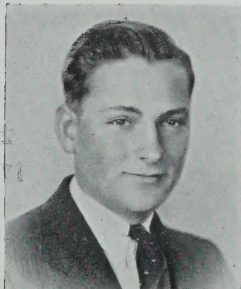
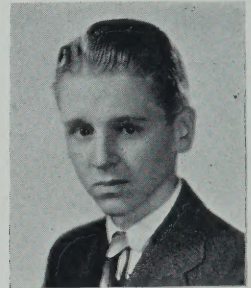
SHIRLEY CAMPBELL Shirl

Class Secretary; English Club 2, 3, 4; Sec.-Treas.; Green & White 2, 4; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; *Abhis* 4.



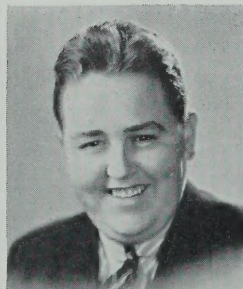
ROBERT CROOK Crookie

Class Treasurer; Vice-president Student Council 4; Class Play 4; Hi-Y 1, 2, 3, 4; Band 1, 2, 3, 4.



WILLIAM ADAMS Bill

Football 3, 4; Hi-Y 3, 4.



THOMAS ANDREWS Tommy

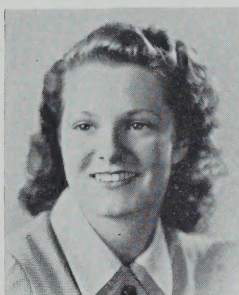
FRANCES BALCHUNAS Frannie

Student Council 2, 3, 4, Secretary 4;
G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4, Sec.-Treas. 1, 2;
Anatomy Club 3; Green and White
2, 3.



BETTY BARLOW Betts, Babs

Glee Club 1, 2, 3; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3.



LEONARD BARROWS

Lennie

CONSTANCE BETTS Connie, Sis

English Club 2, 3, 4, President 4;
G. A. C. 2, 3, 4; Tennis Club 4; Ana-
tomy Club 3; Science Club 1, 2, 3.

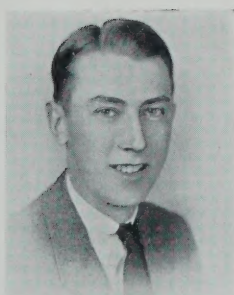
RALPH BRET

Hi-Y President 4; Athletic Council
President 4; Varsity Basketball 1, 2,
3, 4; Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1,
2, 3, 4.



LOUISE BRODERICK Toots

G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Green and White
Typist; Banquet Committee 4; Li-
brary Club 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3.

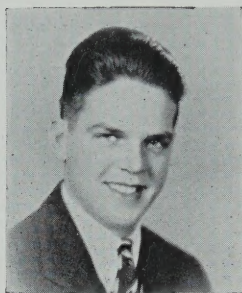


WILLIAM BUCKLEY Buck

Football 4; Varsity Basketball 1, 2,
3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 3, 4;
Abhis 2, 3, 4.

CATHERINE CAHILL Cathy

Glee Club 1; Basketball 1, 2, 3;
G. A. C. 1, 2, 3; Garden Club 2, 3.



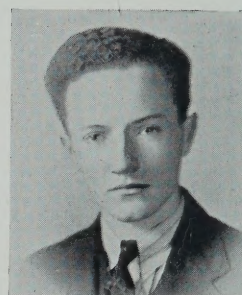
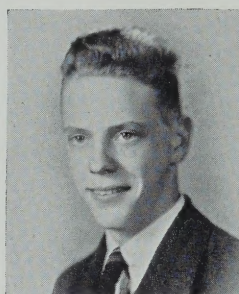
JERVIS CARTER Candid
 Hi-Y 4; Science Club 2, 3, 4; English Club 3, 4.



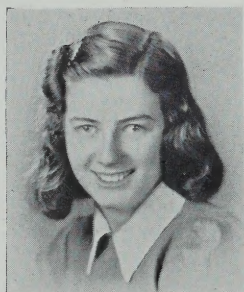
HENRY CAHILL Hank
 Football 2, 3, 4; Varsity Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y 3, 4; Tennis Club 4.

CORA CARD Sis
 G. A. C. 3, 4; Basketball 4.

JOHN CASEY Crusher
 Track 2, 3, 4, Captain 4; Hi-Y 4; Class Basketball 2, 3, 4.



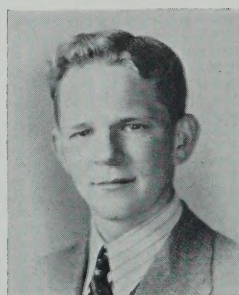
DAVID CLAPP Dave
 Track 4.



CAROLYN CLARK Clarkie
 G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4, President 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Softball 1, 2, 3; Bicycle Club 4.

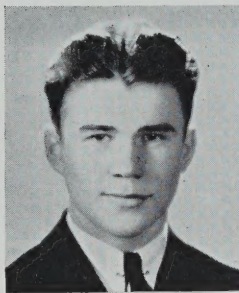
FREDERICK COLE Fred
 English Club 4; Science Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

BARBARA CONNOR Barb, Molly
 Abhis 2, 3, 4; Glee Club accompanist 1, 2, 3, 4; English Club 2, 3, 4; Band and Orchestra 3, 4; Girls' Basketball Manager 4.



MARY CUMMINGS

MARJORIE DAMON Marnie, Marge
Library Club 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3.

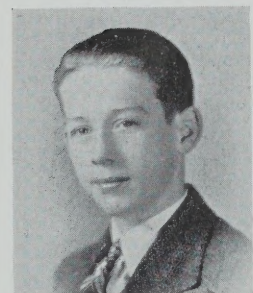


CATHERINE DANKSEWICZ Cat
G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; English Club 2;
Basketball 1, 2, 3; Softball 1, 2.

MALCOLM DENBROEDER Mal
Baseball 3, 4; Football 3, 4; Hi-Y
3, 4; Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Play 4.

ELSA DERBY Derby
Science Club 2, 3, 4; Anatomy Club
2; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3;
Library Club 4.

RAYMOND DEYOUNG Ray
Science Club 1, 3, 4.



CECILIA DOHERTY Ce
G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2,
3, 4; Softball 1, 2, 3, 4; Field Hockey
2, 3.

MURIEL DOHERTY
Glee Club 1; Garden Club 2;
G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2.



MARGARET DONOVAN Margie
Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Garden Club 3.

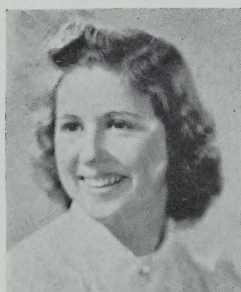
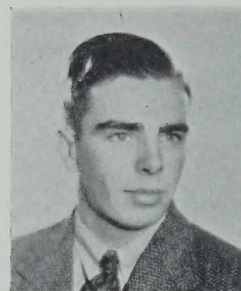


CHARLES DOUGHTY Uggie
Class Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Track
1, 2.

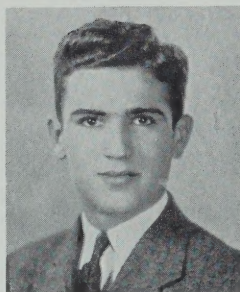
WILLIAM EVANS Butch
Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y 3, 4.



LESLIE FAXON Les, Flasho
English Club 3, 4; Hi-Y 3, 4; Sci-
ence Club 4; Class Basketball 2, 3, 4;
Bicycle Club 4.



BETTY FOWLER Shorty
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Softball 2, 3,
4; English Club 2; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3,
4; *Abhis* 4.

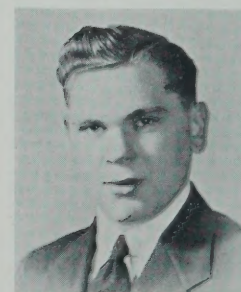


STANLEY FROLIO Stan
Abhis 1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Basketball
1, 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary of
Athletic Association 1, 2, 3, 4; Boys'
Glee Club 4.

JANET GALLAGHER Jan
G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; English Club 2;
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Softball 1, 2.



CLIFFORD GATES Skipper
Football 2, 3, 4; Track 4; Science
Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y Club 4; Boys'
Glee Club 4.



EVA GAUTHIER Buttons, Little Eva
English Club 2, 3, 4; Science Club
4; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2,
3, 4; Garden Club 3.

HELEN GILBRIDE

Gil

G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1; Bas-
ketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Softball 1, 2.



FLORINE GILMAN

Pat

Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4;
G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4.

MARION GOBEILLE

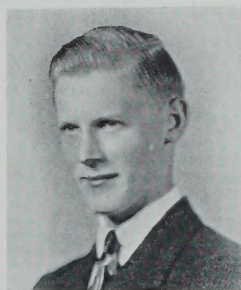
BERNARD GRIFFIN

Griff

Football 2, 3.

PAUL HART

Freddy



HELEN HICKEY

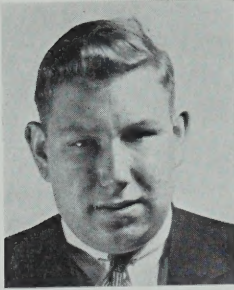
Mouse, Hick

G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1;
Cheer Leader 2, 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3,
4, Captain 4.

DANA JOHNSON

Class Play 4; Hi-Y 4; Boys' Glee
Club 4; Science Club 3, 4; Varsity
Basketball 3.

THE ABHIS



FRANCIS JURGIELEWICZ France
Editor of Shop Paper 4; Science
Club 4; Garden Club 3; 4-H.



CARLTON LABLUE Pinky
Track 1, 2, 3, 4; Football Manager
4; Class Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4.

HENRY LOOMER
4-H Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

Hen



STEFANIA LESCYNski Stef
English Club 2; G. A. C. 1, 2; Bas-
ketball 1, 2; Softball 1, 2.



ELIZABETH LYONS Betty
Library Club; English Club 2, 3;
G. A. C. 2, 3; Glee Club 1; Bicycle
Club 4.



HAZEL MACROBERTS Mac
Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Science Club 4;
Bicycle Club 4; G. A. C. 3.



PRISCILLA MATHESON Cilla
G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2;
Basketball.

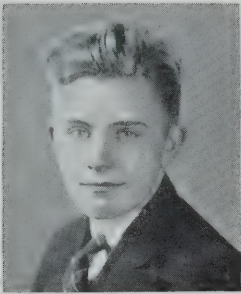
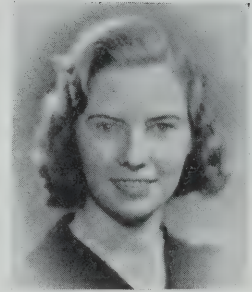
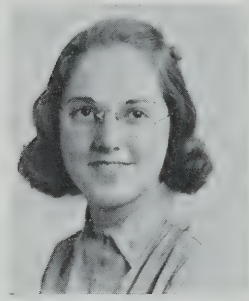


THERESA MENARD Terry
English Club 2; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3.

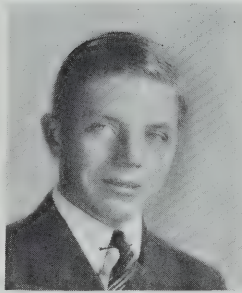


VIOLET MESERVE Bug, Daisy
Glee Club 1, 2; G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4;
Bicycle Club 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4.

BREDA O'BRIEN
G. A. C. 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2.



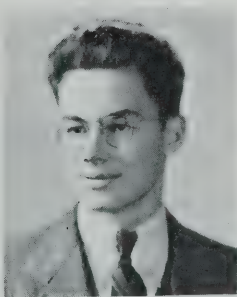
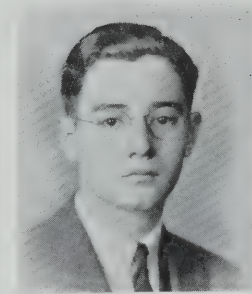
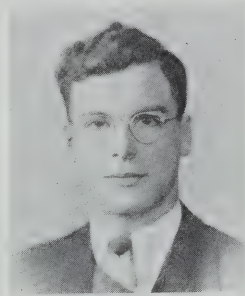
BERNARD OLSON Bernie
Track 1, 2; Garden Club 3.



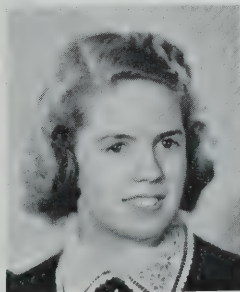
HAROLD OLSON Ole

GEORGE PATENAUDE Pat
Science Club 1, 2, 3, 4, President 4;
Class Play 4; Football 3, 4; Boys' Glee
Club 4.

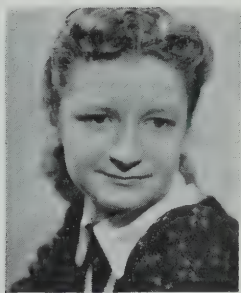
GORDON RICHARDSON Ricker
Hi-Y 4; Tennis Club President 4;
Class Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; English
Club 3, 4.



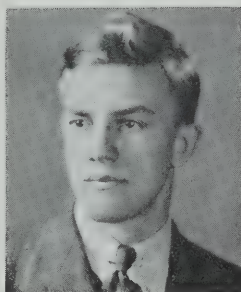
HARRY ROBINSON
Abhis 4; Science Club 4; Tennis
Club 4; Class Play 4.



MARGARET ROUNDS Roundsie
G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Play 4;
English Club 4; Basketball 1, 2, 3,
Captain 4; Science Club 4.



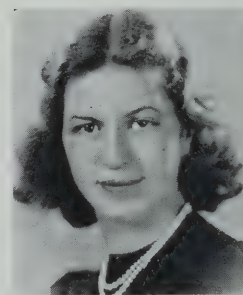
FLORENCE SCHONBACK Flossie
G. A. C. 2, 3, 4; Science Club 4;
Bicycle Club 4.



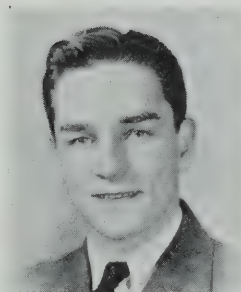
JOHN SALGINEWICZ Salgy
Track 1, 2, 4; Class Basketball 1,
2, 3, 4.



DOROTHY SILLARS Dotty
English Club 4; Science Club 2, 3,
4; Basketball 1, 2, 3, Captain 4;
G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Softball 1, 2.



JACQUELINE THOMPSON Jackie
G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Play 4;
Basketball 1, 2, 3, Captain 4; Eng-
lish Club 2, 3; Cheer Leader 4.



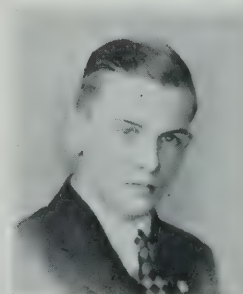
ROBERT SYLVESTER Sil
Hi-Y 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Basketball 1,
2, 3, 4; Class Play 4.



MARDITA THOMPSON Dee, Mardie
Editor of Green & White 4; G. A. C.
4; English Club 4; Class Play 4;
Thanksgiving Dance Committee 4.



TRUE TOWER Terpy
English Club 2, 3; 4-H Club 3, 4.

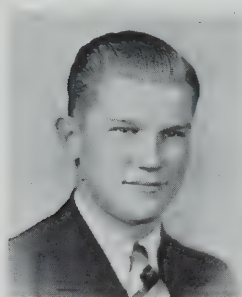


ALBENA RUSKEWICZ Bena
G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2;
Basketball 1, 2, 3, Captain 4; Soft-
ball 1, 2.

HOWARD TRUFANT

Truf

Student Council 2, 3, President 4;
Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; Class Play 4; Boys' Glee
Club 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4.



HOWARD WHITE

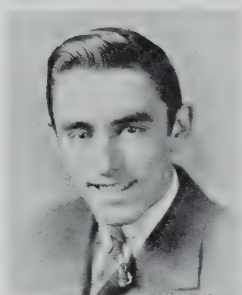
Howie



VIRGINIA WHITMAN

Shorty

G. A. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2,
3; Library Club 4; Bicycle Club 4.



HARRY YORK

Rudy

STANLEY BUCHAWSKI

Stushy

Football 3, 4; Varsity Basketball 1,
2, 3, 4; Baseball 2, 4; Hi-Y 4.

CHARLES IMHOF

Baron

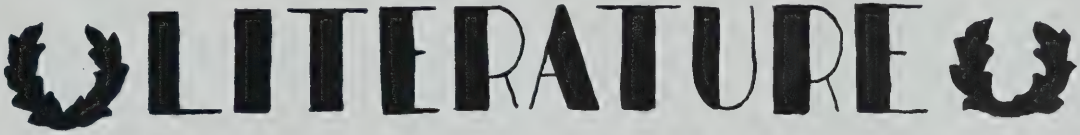
Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Football 4; Glee
Club 4; Hi-Y 1.

FRANCIS READ



CLASS STATISTICS

Best All-Around	Howard Trufant, Frances Balchunas
Best Athlete	Ralph Brett, Frances Balchunas
Best Physique	Ralph Brett, Constance Betts
Best-natured	William Buckley, Helen Hickey
Most Respected	Howard Trufant, Shirley Campbell
Most Popular	Howard Trufant, Shirley Campbell
Most Sincere	William Buckley, Mardita Thompson
Most Retiring	Harry York, Breda O'Brien
Most Helpful to Class and School	Robert Crook, Frances Balchunas
Most Loyal to Class and School	Robert Crook, Frances Balchunas
Most Unselfish	Howard Trufant, Bronia Bush
Most Considerate of Others	Leslie Faxon, Mardita Thompson
Most Individual	Raymond DeYoung, Bronia Bush
Most Dignified	Harry Robinson, Mardita Thompson
Best Actor	Robert Crook, Constance Betts
Most Obliging	William Buckley, Frances Balchunas
Most Tactful	Stanley Frolio, Barbara Connor
Most Friendly	Howard Trufant, Bronia Bush
Most Refined	Harry Robinson, Breda O'Brien
Hardest Worker	William Buckley, Barbara Connor
Most Temperamental	Raymond DeYoung, Barbara Connor
Wittiest	Robert Crook, Dorothy Sillars
Neatest	Stanley Frolio, Stefan Lesceynski
Most Popular with Teachers	Robert Crook, Barbara Connor
Most Practical	Howard Trufant, Mardita Thompson
Best Conversationalist	Stanley Frolio, Constance Betts
Most Courteous	Dana Johnson, Mardita Thompson
Most Conscientious	William Buckley, Barbara Connor
Least Affected	Charles Imhoff, Priscilla Matheson
Most Likely to Succeed	Robert Crook, Barbara Connor



LITERATURE

"Batty" Bill's Request

Harry Robinson, '40

"Here comes 'Batty' Bill," said Jack Wilson to Ray MacDonald.

"Hi, Bill," they chorused.

The old man in soiled dungarees and ragged shirt set down the wheelbarrow he had been trundling and regarded the young men, who were resting from their labors over the engine of Jack's weather-beaten boat.

"Are you fellows having a little trouble?"

"Nothing we can't fix ourselves," said Jack. "What's that you've got there?" indicating the packing crate on the wheelbarrow.

"It is a delicate piece of apparatus that I sent to Europe for. I believe I shall now be able to achieve my objective."

A stranger hearing this conversation would of necessity have been struck by the incongruity of the old fellow's dilapidated appearance and his careful diction.

"Still hopeful, are you, Bill?" queried Jack smilingly.

"More than hopeful, son. I have been on the right track for a long time, and now I think I have topped the last rise and am on a long down grade to the terminal."

Ray followed the retreating figure with his eyes until it disappeared inside a partially repaired warehouse, and then turned to Jack.

"What's the story on this bird; why does everyone call him 'Batty' Bill?"

"The way I got it, he came here in 1941. About a month after some guy stirred up a rumpus by claiming he'd discovered a city on Mars with that Mt. Palomar telescope."

"Oh, yes, I remember that. He was promptly squelched by the astronomical big-wigs, but notwithstanding, the newspapers made quite a fuss over him."

"Well, Bill came here, looked the place over and bought that warehouse. The real estate agent told us he hauled out a big roll of bills and paid for it, spot cash. Said the only questions he asked were about the foundations, and when

he heard it was built on that confounded ledge that makes this such a bad harbor, he bought it without dickering."

"That's no reason for calling him 'Batty'."

"Wait 'til I get through, will you? A gang of men with a dozen truckloads of stuff came and stayed for about a week, making a heck of a lot of noise inside the building. Nobody has ever been inside since, but the freight agent worked on Bill every time he went for a package — which was often — and putting together what Bill let slip with the fact that his name was Thomas, same as that guy that thought he found a Martian city, he came out with the story that Bill was making a space ship."

"Nonsense. He couldn't do anything like that alone."

"I know it, but he did act queer and the name stuck."

Several weeks later Ray brought his car to a stop beside the warehouse and was about to walk down to Jack's boat when 'Batty' Bill stepped out the door and accosted him.

"You are just the person I want to see. There is some freight waiting for me at the station that is too heavy and too delicate for my wheelbarrow, and if the station agent should bring it in his wagon it would take me a month of Sundays to put it in order again. Will you get it for me in your car?"

"Certainly. Hop in, and we'll go get it now. How is it that you didn't set up your workshop at a railhead since you were going to receive so much freight?"

"I had two very good reasons which far outweighed the transportation difficulties. I notice that you haven't been down to see Jack in quite some time."

"No. I've been working on my Master's thesis: 'Artificial Dissociation of Atomic Particles.' Been having a little trouble 'though. I should have a few more experiments to back up my conclusion, but I haven't got the necessary 'drag' to get the use of the apparatus I need."

"Hm. Have you been studying that very long?"

"Six years."

"Ray, I would like to have you help me. I have been working on atomic power here for two years and have got along much better than I expected. However, last week I struck a snag that I can't seem to get around. If you will give me the benefit of your fresher training and ideas, I'll let you experiment to your heart's content."

When they returned, Ray stood awed as Bill showed him the apparatus.

"You see, one reason for my choosing this place was the need of a bedrock foundation to support this heavy machinery. The other and more important reason was its isolation—the nearest house is three-quarters of a mile away. Unbalanced atoms are ticklish customers and I didn't want anyone to be hurt if things should start to pop."

One evening two months later, Jack stopped at the warehouse where Ray now lived.

"I'm going to take a run up to San Francisco tomorrow," he said. "Be back in three-four days. You'd better come along and take a vacation, Ray, you've hardly set foot outside the door since you've been here. You, too, Bill."

"I would like to, but every time I set foot in anything larger than a rowboat I am stricken by an acute nausea. However, Ray will go with you."

"But, Bill, we're almost done. You said so."

"I want you to go to San Francisco on a very important errand for me. I was about to tell you of it when Jack arrived. I want you to take this," he said, handing him a sealed packet, "to the address appearing on it. Be sure you see the man in person and wait for a message. Be extremely careful not to lose it."

"I shall guard it with my life!"

"You needn't be facetious; that is probably the most important object you will ever touch."

The morning of the third day thereafter found Ray with the head of a famous legal establishment, in the private office of the latter. Ray handed him the packet, which he opened. Inside were another sealed packet, two envelopes, one addressed to the lawyer and one to Ray, and a note which he unfolded, read, and handed to Ray.

Dear Bryant,

Please give the enclosed packet and letter to the young man who brought this. In the envelope for you is my will, of which I appoint you the executor. Do me the favor of not questioning the young man; your curiosity will be satisfied if you live long enough. Tell him to read his letter immediately. Thanks, old boy, and if I don't see you again, goodbye.

Bill Thomas.

With wondering haste, Ray tore open his letter.

My boy,

By the time you read this, the secret of atomic power will have been solved. I had eliminated from my process all but one variable, and with your help have reduced that to only two possible solutions. According to my reasoning, one of these will produce a controllable reaction, while the other method will probably result in an instantaneous disintegration of the entire mass of fuel. Both methods (I shall try A) are completely set forth in my notes, contained in the packet. My reason for sending you to San Francisco was to have you away from here when I try it out. I think I have picked the right method, but there is entirely too much possibility that I am wrong to risk not having my work given to the world. Remember, always be sure to test your lead before using it; I have found that as little as 0.02 per cent impurity in the fuel can cause dangerous complications.

A great responsibility rests with you, my son. You hold the destinies of our world and other worlds in the palm of your hand. I have left you what remains of my fortune, which will be ample for the final experimentation until you begin to make profits. Whatever you do, don't contract with financial backers. This new boon to mankind must not be exploited.

Bill Thomas

P.S. Upon re-reading the letter, I find that I have spoken as if out of the picture. I should certainly hope that is not an omen.

B. T.

When Ray had finished the letter, he rushed to the airport and chartered a plane.

Two hundred miles later, the pilot said, "That should be the place you want down there, but it doesn't look familiar."

Ray leaned over the side. There were the village and depot, but in place of the warehouse was a huge crater a hundred yards in diameter that had become part of the harbor.

As the stereoscopic scene fades from before our eyes, we rise from our seats and follow the crowd out of the theatre into the blinding sunlight. We push close to the speakers' stand and stare at the assembled Terrestrial, Martian, and Venusian dignitaries. The master of ceremonies is introducing some one:

"—and it is doubly appropriate, as we all know from the excellent cinema we have just viewed, that, on this fiftieth anniversary of the martyrdom of William Thomas to science and to the intelligent life forms of the universe, the cornerstone of the administration building of the Thomas Memorial Spaceport should be laid by the president of Interplanetary Spaceways, Inc. — Dr. Raymond W. MacDonald!"

Harry Robinson, '40

ESSAYS

"Music, When Soft Voices Die"

Jeanette Clark, '41

MUSIC as defined in Webster's New International Dictionary is, "Sounds having rhythm, melody, or consonance, whether vocal, instrumental, made by birds, or running water." Carlyle wrote, "Music is well said to be the speech of angels."

Every tribe has, and has had its own form of music, but to civilized ears it may not sound very musical. Ancient people had no harmony, or blending of tones. They produced only the melody. The Egyptians and Greeks had musical instruments in the form of odd-shaped harps and lyres.

In those days, when a young poet wished to present a new lyric, he would appear before some great assemblage and chant his lines. If the audience liked his music, they would crown him with a wreath of laurel.

Modern schools and colleges offer wonderful opportunities for young people to enjoy good music. There are conservatories, schools of music, and even courses in high schools which enable pupils to become familiar with the work of old composers. The radio is another factor which furnishes the best of programs for this purpose. Dr. Walter Damrosch, world-famous conductor, is one of the leading men in the field of advancing music appreciation. His programs on the radio provide entertainment for both young and old everywhere. He receives much well-earned praise.

Just a short while ago, when the Jewish people were evacuated from Germany, all music by Jewish composers was burned or otherwise destroyed. This act was not only cruel and heartless, but also selfish and inhuman. It deprived countless numbers of people of genuine aesthetic enjoyment.

Some of the most beautiful sacred music that we now enjoy came from Rome and the Holy Land. There are folk songs from all the European countries, and operas from Italy, composed by such geniuses as Wagner, Verdi, Rossini, Bizet, and Debussy. We must not forget the beautiful masterpieces of Mozart, Bach,

Handel, Hyden, Litz, Brahms, and Schuman. Although these composers are dead, their music will never die!

There are so many forms of music that it is impossible for one to say that one does not care for music. Many modern youth care only for "swing" and "jazz" and often admit that the classics bore them. If they were to discover that many of the "swing" pieces are in reality old classics "jazzed up" and that modern orchestras often use "breaks" found in classical music, they would be very much surprised, to say the least. It is, of course, impossible for some people to sit through operas and symphonies for which they care nothing, but almost every human being can develop music appreciation by listening to familiar classical pieces once in a while and by trying to discover real qualities in them.

Is there a popular song on record today that may be heard one hundred years hence? It is very doubtful. Yet, all of the pieces composed hundreds of years ago, are still being played and probably will be played long after we leave this earth. A few modern composers are trying to bring back some of the old songs and make them live again. These songs are heard for a short period of time only, and then something new makes its appearance. This process carries on continuously. Classical pieces will *always* be popular and famous as long as there are orchestras to play them. Music should mean more to people than it does, and we should do all in our power to treasure and preserve it, for it has no nationality. Rather, it is universal in its appeal.

This, together with the fact that music is very essential in every day life, should make the young people of this age appreciate the value of our American folk-songs and classical works. They should also realize that while music (in some foreign countries) is being destroyed more music is being composed, cherished, and loved, by all the people of America.

History in the Making

David Clapp, '40



MY hobby is something new and quite different from most hobbies. It has been my hobby for eight months now, and its continuance depends entirely on the affairs in Europe and the Far East; it is a notebook of the wars of the world: the Chinese-Japanese war, the old Russian Finnish conflict, and the British-French-German fight.

The notebook was started last August 22, when the Russians and Germans signed their world-shaking non-aggression pact. It has continued daily ever since, and in the notebook are accounts of the Polish conquest, the French attempt to crack the Siegfried Line, Russia's diplomatic conquest of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania and the armed conquest of Finland and part of Poland. Also will be seen the taking over of Denmark by Germany in their "Blitzkrieg" war, the battles in Norway, and the agitation of the British and Italians in the Mediterranean Sea.

Not nearly as noticeable is the war in China. Very little is to be found in the papers about it; once in a while, a battle is mentioned or Wang Ching Wei, as puppet ruler in Nanking is given a little space in a back corner of the newspaper.

Several general practices are followed in the forming of this book. I try to put in no more reading material than is necessary. A lot of fine print is very likely to discourage the interest of any person reading it. The method of writing employed by the newspapers does not make it compulsory that the whole article be used. A summary of the whole article appears in the heading. Of course there are exceptions to this rule. In the case of very important ones, the whole article is pasted in the notebook. In order to include a complete account of the armistice, I used much material printed at the time of the Russian-Finnish peace treaty. I put in a comparison of the terms at the end of the war as compared with those asked at the beginning of the conflict.

Another general rule was that I pasted one side of the page until it was nearly as thick as I wanted it, then turned the book around and upside down, using the backs of the first pages on which to continue my notebook; pasting the articles and pictures so that they would be upside down as compared to the other articles first pasted in.

It is difficult for one to pick out articles from several different papers, to avoid too much repetition, and to get a picture of events. A picture can be had by comparing reports of one battle as reported by one side and by the other or else by putting both articles in and then letting the reader draw a mid-way conclusion.

There are two especially interesting features of the notebook. One is some old papers I found, dated from March 7 to March 10, 1936. They had such headlines as "World-Startling Moves by Hitler" and "Grave Crisis in Europe." Those moves are commonplace now, but a novelty then was Adolf's occupation of the Rhineland territory.

Another noteworthy feature is a genuine London paper printed during the Norwegian Campaign. It is interesting to get a British point of view, their attitude toward the war and how they faced it.

Speaking of odd newspapers, I have, in the front of the book, a page of all the papers I have used, showing the headings of each. There will be found the Brockton paper, five Boston papers, two from New York city, one from Buffalo, New York, one from Bangor, Maine, one from San Diego, California, and then the *Life Magazine*, one of the most invaluable sources of material for pictures, charts and maps I have yet discovered.

The *Life Magazine*, as you know, deals mainly with pictures. It is excellent for a notebook because of its maps of battles, military operations, and human interest pictures, and pictures of machines used. Pictures like these are often considered before actual articles.

Pictures, cartoons, and photographs are nearly the most important part of the notebook. In the four-hundred-and-eighty pages of my scrapbook I have eight hundred photographs, drawings, and cartoons, and about the same number of maps and charts. It is nearly as hard to pick out good pictures as it is to pick out good articles. Human interest pictures are, of course, important. Battle scenes, and pictures of ships, guns, and tactics will become valuable after the war ends.

Cartoons are also good if one wishes to get a person's point of view, and very often there are excellent insinuations hidden in them.

(Continued on page 19)

Driftwood

Mary Blanchard, '43



CENES were not hard to find in that rural village. Everything seemed to lend itself to the painter's imagination, and so it did to Ranny Porter, a small time artist in his own time. He was trying to get somewhere. His many friends had told him to go to New York and see what he could do. Until now, he had never thought seriously of it, but—"Well, I guess the time has come," he said to himself. Tomorrow he was leaving—leaving the home he loved, his friends, and the warmth of their admiration and praise. He had no idea what a big city would be like; he knew it would not be the same as his previous life, but otherwise he had not even the faintest idea what was in store for him.

One week later he, with all his paraphernalia, was settled in a boarding-house, cheap as it was necessary, but neat and clean. It was managed by a jolly, middle-aged woman, Mrs. Mihill by name. She and Ranny became good friends on sight. She helped him settle and straighten out his room, and, as she did so, she noticed a large box at the end of the room, still unopened. "Shall I unpack this?" she asked.

"No, I'll do that myself. They're only my paintings," he replied.

"Do you paint?" and without waiting for an answer, she asked again, "May I see what you have done?"

Her round face beamed all over. Ranny crossed the room and opened the box. He showed her his poorest paintings first, then gradually went to a better section. Whereas her face had at first been enthusiastic, after Ranny had shown a few of its pictures it became beautiful with an enraptured look. The painting was of the sea on a windy day. One looked through the trees on the cliff that Ranny knew so well; the place where he had sat so many hours, reading, talking to friends, or just sitting alone, thinking. Now as he recalled the day when he had painted it, a wave of homesickness engulfed him. The painting showed feeling and it had brought out the best in him. The sea, dashing high, the trees swaying back and forth,—it looked so real that the trees seemed to be actually in the wind.

With a start, he came back to his surroundings, New York, the boarding house, Mrs. Mihill,—oh, yes—looking up, he found her staring at him.

She left soon, praising his paintings as she went. He felt encouraged, so much encouraged that he resolved to go to the art galleries the first thing in the morning and try to sell something, so much counted on his becoming even a little famous!

The next morning Ranny was up bright and early. A good night's sleep had done much for him. After eating a hearty breakfast, he set out hopefully. Upon arriving at the gallery that was his destination, he inquired for the manager. He was to the manager's office, and, upon stepping inside the door, he saw a man at a desk. The man looked at Ranny with a grimace.

"Another young artist, I suppose. Well, well, come in, close the door and sit down."

"Yes, sir," replied Ranny, taken back beyond words.

"What is your name? —and don't look me over from head to toe."

"I don' —, I wasn't, that is, my name is Randolph Porter."

"Well, Mr. Porter, what have you there?" Ranny quickly took up his paintings and opened the folder.

After they had been shown, the manager looked at him and said seriously. "My boy, you have something there, something that is great, and it seems to be in all your pictures. Don't ever lose it. It is something all artists have or desire to have. You have feeling in your paintings—they almost seem to talk.

Then he sighed and continued, "I am sorry, I can buy nothing of what you have, except, maybe, this one," and he eyed the painting which Mrs. Mihill had noticed particularly.

"That is most kind of you," Ranny replied.

"I will give you fifty dollars for this," said the manager. "It isn't a good price, but it's the best I can do."

Ranny walked out of the building, wearing a smile for everyone and feeling very much elated. He felt so proud—his first sale, and fifty dollars in his pocket and with the manager's offer still ringing his ears. He was to return in two years and then show him the paintings he had done during that time—Ranny had agreed. They had shaken hands and Ranny had left. What he was to live on during the two years, had never entered his head. The excitement carried him to a heaven all his own. He thought of the new brushes and paints

he might buy with the money in his pocket. At last, he realized the necessity of working, painting, or doing something to earn money while he did the paintings he was to show the manager at the end of two years. Why couldn't he do portraits of people? That was it! That was what he would do. He wouldn't ask much — just enough to keep him going until that wonderful day when he would make a second visit to the gallery. All that mattered was that he would have more experience by that time, and that the manager might notice improvement enough so that he might possibly buy something from him. Then he would become famous.

Immediately after arriving at the boarding house, he ran to Mrs. Mihill and told her what had happened and what he had thought out. She was very helpful and she said she would fix up a small room next to his own that he might use as a studio.

"The only thing," he said, "is the matter of getting started." Looking very thoughtful he continued, "Where shall I get my first portrait-sitter, so to speak?"

"Don't worry about that," Mrs. Mihill replied calmly, "just spend the afternoon fixing up your new room."

The next morning at about ten o'clock, he found a beautifully dressed woman knocking at his door.

"I hear you do portraits," and as Ranny watched her he realized she was lovely as well as chic.

That was only the beginning. When Mrs. Stratton's portrait was finished, there were many more waiting to be done. His fame as an excellent portrait painter spread throughout the city. Telephone calls, people waiting to see him, all this happened as though in a dream, a dream that he had hoped for, had prayed for, but had never thought would come true, it wasn't what he thought it would be. Now it was here and still he did not quite comprehend the fact, but as the weeks passed he caught hold of himself and brought himself down to earth.

Affairs gradually began to take shape and he realized what was happening. No longer did he paint slowly and with feeling, but as if he knew there was money behind it. Gone was that beautiful something that all his previous paintings had possessed. Now he was fairly prosperous. He moved to an apartment in a better part of the city. He thought to himself, "This is where I have fooled every one. Folks have said painters are as poor as church mice, but now I can show them they are wrong."

The two years passed quickly for the now famous, brilliantly renowned, Randolph Por-

ter. He had not forgotten his agreement, but he kept it reluctantly and only because the manager would probably expect him.

Ranny walked to the manager's office in the art gallery. As he opened the door he saw before him a man who looked familiar. The sight carried him back to the first time he had walked into that office. He had only one small pang of regret. But the manager saw before him, no longer a sincere young artist, who could paint well, — not too well, but with something that many others lack. Now he saw before him a young man, who was no longer an artist, but a man sick for money.

Ranny showed him his paintings with enthusiasm, but where was the gleam in the manager's eye, where was that look that had been there? Now there was nothing but a hard, disinterested look. He said with directness, "I am sorry, you have nothing I can use. I must consider our conference at an end."

A sincerely disappointed young man left the museum. It was the first time he had been sincere about anything for many months. Well, he would show that man what he could do, he was only an insignificant person and his opinion was probably worth practically nothing, but, thought Ranny, "I can still paint portraits and get plenty of dough for them."

With this he dismissed the matter from his mind. But that was the turning point in his short, successful career. His work lessened, and the demand for his portraits decreased. A month later it dawned on him that he had no money, no friends, no place to which he could go. Above all, no one wanted his paintings, because (for the first time he admitted it to himself) they were no good.

His only refuge now was home. But how on earth shall I get there? he thought. Walk, I guess.

He had ruined his career; he had lost all the respect he had had for himself.

His feet dragged wearily across the pebbly beach. The tide was low and there was the ever-present smell of clam flats. Suddenly, in the depths of his thoughts he realized he was hungry, desperately hungry. He glanced around and took in everything. He saw that no one was near and it looked as if no one would appear for a good many hours. Starting across the flats, he changed his mind and leaned down to see what he could find. At the end of a few minutes he had dug sufficient clams for a small meal and he went back to the beach. With drift wood he built a small fire, and a half-hour later he leaned back with his elbows in the soft, cool sand. He felt contented, more so than ever before, but that feeling soon left him. The dying

embers glowed against the setting sun. The whole world seemed rosy to him at that moment, rosy in color; but thoughts, evil-thoughts are always present, always rise up when least desired, and he was back in the never-ending circle of memories. His life was ruined, — because of over-powering greed which he had not been conscious of until it was too late. He had wanted fame more than anything, and yet he had not liked it when it had come. He had not known what to do with it. Now his only earthly possessions were on him at the moment. Having no place to go, no shelter, he lay down on the beach and went to sleep.

The next morning a group of people had gathered in a circle around a still form. No one knew who he was or whence he had come. His remains were taken to the city, but they were never identified. Later he was buried in a narrow plot. At his head was a marker that bore this number, 9744.

He had known the pay of greed and selfishness. He had ended a penniless, unidentified being buried in a Potter's Field.

History in the Making—Continued from page 16

Charts could not be omitted because of the information contained in them, such as land, sea, and air power of different countries and different belligerents.

I try to include in the collection personal opinions as to the outcome of the war: whether

Hitler will win, as Major Butler thinks, and whether Japan will attack the United States as someone else believes. It will be interesting to see how outlandish or how true these beliefs turned out to be.

Now that one notebook is completed and a second is started, I have collected a few statistics. I used a loose-leaf notebook, and as the notebook grew, I had to put in small curtain rods through which to run the string so that the pages would not tear out.

The pages are twelve by fourteen inches and the whole notebook is six inches thick. It has 301 illustrations, and nearly the same number of maps and charts on 480 pages. I have put about 80 hours of work into it. The notebook is quite heavy and cumbersome to carry around. By next Christmas, or even before, I expect to have completed a second notebook similar to the first. This first notebook is going to be wrapped up carefully, placed in a box with moth balls, and saved where it will be safe from insects and dust. I do not believe many people will ask to read it as it would take them "a month of Sundays" to digest the whole thing. Therefore, I think it is fairly safe to wrap it up and put it away for future generations to explore.

I have spent a good many evenings keeping my notebook up to date and have had quite a bit of enjoyment. It is interesting to watch the book grow, and I hope some day I may be repaid for my labor by the enjoyment and information others may receive from it.

A Sunrise Prayer

O Creator of all Heaven and Earth and all things that move and have their being, I thank Thee for guarding me safely through another night.

Make this day of mine a day in which I may accomplish something for Thee. Help me to be a friend to all and let me be kind to both man and beast. Let me speak no ill words that I might later regret.

O Heavenly Father of us all, I thank Thee for this beautiful new day which is just dawning with its brilliant streaks of gold breaking through the early morning clouds. I thank Thee for all Nature that surrounds me and makes my life so rich and happy.

Dear Father, I thank Thee most of all for the possession of Life. In return for this great gift that Thou hast given, I promise to try to lead the kind of life I know Thou wouldst have me lead.

Bless and keep all those who especially need Thee this day; and comfort those who are in sorrow.

This I humbly pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Doris G. Clapp, '41

EDITORIALS

GRADUATION

When we prepare to leave high school, to leave the friends we have had ever since we entered the first grade, we do not know quite what to think of it all. But we do realize a few things. One of them is that four of what should have been long years have passed at the snap of our fingers. When we left grammar school we looked forward with, perhaps, misgivings to four more long years of laborious hours during which we might improve ourselves. But high school turned out to be different, all those views were changed. We formed new friends as a result of the merging of the two grammar schools, and many of these friendships proved as strong as those of earlier years. Ties were formed which we realize can never be broken. Although we were given a chance to be more outstanding individually, we found we were best as a whole, and we know this will prove itself true when we leave school and try to get along individually.

Now all of us are sorry, and although we could start over again and do better, it is true that we *have* done in high school the best work of our lives thus far. And during this work which we have done, not once has the thought of time bothered us, except for the realization of its fleetness. Now, as I write this, two weeks remain, and, unlike you freshmen who are, perhaps, wishing for summer to hasten, we wish these last two weeks to pass slowly, so we may derive every benefit and enjoyment that is left for us in our school.

Another realization is the ease which we have encountered throughout this secondary school. Perhaps we consider ourselves pushed and the work difficult, but when some of us begin this coming year to do real, hard work in schools of higher education we shall come to our senses and realize what a "snap" high school was, and that if we did not enjoy ourselves then, we ought to have.

The Editor

AMERICANISM OR SLANG?

Although the world is constantly developing aids for greater speed and efficiency, its progress towards the improvement of language has been extremely slow. This very speed which characterizes the world of today, may be partially, at least, the cause of the decline in the use of correct English. The statement has been

made by many people that they haven't time enough to watch their English, and thus has come about this new manner of speaking, currently called "slang."

In place of the correct word, there is a phrase of slang for every occasion. From the urchin on the street to the business man in his office flows a steady current of this strange manner of utterance. Among these phrases are: "Hi-ya," "Come on, let's take it on the lam," "O.K.," "Say's you," "Scram."

In Webster's Dictionary there are two hundred and twenty-five words or phrases listed under the title, *Americanisms*. The explanation of these words is as follows: "A carefully selected list of the most common and recent words and phrases that have a peculiar significance in the United States."

The American people should take the example set by the English. The educated class of England carefully select their words and try to speak with precision. If an American told an Englishman he was "barking up the wrong tree," that English gentleman would, no doubt, look around for a dog and a tree; seeing none, he would probably think the American a little abnormal.

What must be the feelings of a foreigner who has just arrived in New York City? Upon asking where he may find a certain hotel, he is informed that he must walk five blocks and take his first left. With directions such as these, he thinks it safer to take a taxi cab. After checking in at the hotel, he turns to a bell boy who exclaims, "Just a minute and I'll shoot you up." The gentleman becomes alarmed. Is he to be shot? In the elevator he hears a lady exclaim, "I feel so blue." Blue? He had always understood blue to be a color. Did the ladies of America turn different colors? If he asks too many questions he is likely to hear himself called a "green horn." He hears one gentleman say to another, "Boy, am I in the red!" By now he is so completely confused that he wonders whether English is ever spoken in America.

It is impossible to eliminate slang from one's vocabulary all at once, but it could be done slowly. By careful thinking one could select desirable words in place of slang terms.

Since America is supposed to be first and best in everything, it should never be said that the American people are last in their manner of speaking.

Elizabeth Lyons, '40



THE JUNIOR CLASS



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS



THE FRESHMAN CLASS



The Student Council

Organized under Mr. Landy and ably led this year by Mr. Frolio, the Student Council has made considerable progress during the past year. Each assembly was secured and presented through the efforts of the Council and the members deserve much credit for their work along this line. Moreover, the organization paid for the majority of its programs through its own resources, which were made possible by a dance and by the sale of refreshments at indoor athletics. From its treasury the Council has made loans to other organizations which have resulted in marked benefits to those organizations. During the progress of the year Safety, Honesty, and Junior Red Cross campaigns were instituted in which every member of the Council took a prominent part. A change in the passing system resulted in commendations from citizens, visitors, and students alike, as did other alterations suggested by the students through their representatives on the Council.



The "Abhis"

Continuing under the supervision of faculty advisers, Miss Annie Chadbourne and H. Edgar Pray, the *Abhis* has completed its eighteenth year of publication. This year there were three issues, the December issue, the spring issue, and this, the graduation issue. Members of the *Abhis* staff showed their versatility by turning to acting, and presented the annual Christmas play, of which there were two performances, one being given at a parent-teacher meeting and one at a school assembly.

This year the editor-in-chief was Robert Crook; the literary editor, Barbara Connor; the business manager, Stanley Frolio; the advertising manager, William Buckley; the art editor, Marjorie Wheatley. Staff representatives attended all four meetings of the Southeastern Massachusetts League of School Publications.



The Science Club

The Science Club under the supervision of John Haggerty of the faculty, has had a very successful year. The club membership was not restricted, and, as a result, many pupils who had not previously had an opportunity to join are now taking an active part in the club.

Besides giving several educational movies and scientific demonstrations for its own members, the club has been quite active socially. The outstanding dance of the year was the club's Snow Ball, which drew attention from the nearby towns, and at which Miss Shirley Campbell was chosen Snow Queen. The organization also sponsored a benefit movie performance for a student who had been injured in the science laboratory.

This year's officers have been: President, George Patenaude; vice-president, Bronia Bush; treasurer, Walter Gibson; secretary, Jeanne Phipps.

MOTION PICTURES

U-235

"My Son, My Son"

Adapted from Howard Spring's best seller, this picture is typical of many domestic problems. William Essex (Brian Aherne) blinded by love for his son Oliver (Louis Hayward), refuses to allow his wife to reprimand the boy. Taking advantage of the rather odd circumstances, the boy grows up with an idea that his father will continue to overlook his faults.

Until toward the end of the picture, the general attitude of the audience is to regard the son as a weak individual. However, in the end, he, at least partially, redeems himself. This is an excellent human interest picture.

"Doctor Cyclops"

Doctor Cyclops, a mad scientist in South America, plans to conquer the world by means of an invention. The only people who stand in his way are four men and a beautiful girl who have come to visit him. These people are doomed, however, to become reduced to one fifth of their original size. Too late, the doctor learns that they will eventually revert to their normal size. With this knowledge, and afraid of the consequences, he plans to kill them, but, of course, fails.

The best thing about this picture is the effect of the technicolor.

"Young Tom Edison"

A characterization of one of our greatest inventors, in his younger days, is ably portrayed by Mickey Rooney. Among other things, the amazing young Edison saves a train, on which his sister Tannie (Virginia Weidler) is riding, from plunging into a river.

This is a highly entertaining and educational picture.

"Judge Hardy and Son"

This picture, starring the regular Judge Hardy cast, is somewhat superior to the ordinary Judge Hardy run of pictures. Mickey Rooney provides the laughs, quite expertly. As usual, he has his financial problems, as well as his love interests.

The best Hardy picture since "Love Finds Andy Hardy," this is a photoplay that will be likely to appeal to any person regardless of type or age.

Clayton Craig, '41

"Come, folks, gather 'round and feast your eyes on the eighth wonder of the world. Would you believe that in this small bottle we have a medicine that will cure anything from aching feet to tuberculosis? What! you don't? My, my, say listen, brother, you sound as though you've got a bad case of hay fever. Ah, you say you've had it for twenty-three years. Well, brother, consider it cured. For one dollar, one buck, your troubles will be over and all because of this great little tonic. Come, come, who's to be the next lucky one?"

And so rattled on the faker of the medicine show that toured the country. But his promises were very minute compared to those offered by the scientists of today. A marvelous new substance has been produced called U-235. It is a special form of the element Uranium. By proper use of this substance, the world could be made into a virtual Utopia, but, as there is a wrong for every right, if it were used for war it would produce such a panorama of horror that the blitzkrieg of the present would be as nothing. To demonstrate clearly this, one pound of U-235 is equal to 100 tons of T.N.T. A bomb made of U-235 would destroy a city as completely as if a giant meteor had struck it, for it would create a gigantic crater fifty miles in diameter.

But let us get away from the gruesome side and look at it from the cheerful side. The potential energy of U-235 is quite remarkable. A car, motivated by this substance, could be driven silently and swiftly for many days. A small capsule of U-235 in your gas tank would suffice for a couple of years. The car would use a small steam turbine which would prove more efficient than the great motors of today. On this marvelous substance ships and locomotives could run almost indefinitely. The speed of both would be widely increased. The speed of the locomotive would be governed by its ability to cling to the rails.

With the aid of U-235 food will become abundant because the manufacture of fertilizers and insect poisons will have become so inexpensive.

Imagine, if you can, what this world would be like if everyone could do that which he most enjoyed. There is no one living who could calculate the progress that would then be made by man.

There are two things in store for the man of tomorrow, total destruction, or a Utopia beyond the wildest dreams of the most dreamy individual.

Gordon Richardson, '40



SPORTS SECTION

Football Squad

Brett, R.	Captain	Read, F.	T
Barrows, B.	C	Krikorian, J.	B
Blanchard, G.	G	Buckley, W.	E
Carlson, R.	G	Lundin, J.	E
Adams, W.	T	Denbroeder, M.	B
Evans, W.	T	Imhoff, C.	FB
Cahill, H.	T	Mackey, H.	B
Buchawski, S.	E	Brown, A.	B
Barteaux, R.	RHB	Kahian, L.	B
Pastuszak, W.	LHB	Patenaude, G.	E
Gates, C.	T		
Calderara, C.	G	Carlson, R., Brown, D., Kiely, E.,	
Griffin, L.	T	Libby, M., Wilsey, G., Bellows, C.,	
MacPhelmy, G.	FB	Harper, R., Cahill, J.	

Baseball Squad

Inhoff — Co-Captain	SS	O'Brien	P
Brett — Co-Captain	P-CF	Greenleaf	1B
Szematowicz	P-OF	Lynch	C-RF
Buchawski	P-3B	Clark	IF
Buckley	P-1B	Kirkorian	RF
Trufant	2B	Culver	C
Denbroeder	LF	Brown	3B
Pastuzak	C	Cahill	Manager

(Mr. Richard Morey, *Coach*)

Baseball Schedule

Braintree 7	Abington 2
East Bridgewater 4	Abington 7
Bridgewater 6	Abington 5
Plymouth 7	Abington 0
Stoughton 12	Abington 5
Bridgewater 7	Abington 8
Whitman 3	Abington 7
Plymouth 3	Abington 2

Summary:

Abington High started its 1940 baseball season in inauspicious style against Braintree when our boys in green dropped a 7-2 verdict. The pitchers were Smith and Avitable for Braintree and Brett for Abington. The aforementioned Mr. Avitable was the deciding factor in Braintree's win, for he batted in several runs and allowed Abington a remarkable scarcity of hits in the last four innings.

Our ball-players made it fifty-fifty on the won-and-lost ledger when, in their second game, they took a 7-4 count from under the collective nose of the Joe Morey-coached East Bridgewater nine. Buchawski pitched a fine game for Abington against Boswell and Smith of East Bridgewater.

Abington lost one of those "anybody's ball-games" to a fast Bridgewater team in the ninth inning of our third game of the season. Up until the ninth frame the combined efforts of Farrell and Mullins on the hill for Bridgewater were heroically matched by Brett. It was a photo-finish in which Harvey's double pushed across the winning run.

Through the efforts of two gentlemen named Bernado and Edwards, Plymouth High decisively subdued Abington's warriors of the diamond 7-0. Despite the valiant efforts of pitchers Brett and Buckley, the Plymouth team led by batter Edwards, pounded out an excess of hits; while Bernado's fast-ball so mystified the Abington batters that they could score nary a run.

The Abington team journeyed to Stoughton for their fifth game of the season only to be beaten 12-5 in a game marked by sloppy fielding and poor support for the pitchers, Horan for Stoughton and Brett for Abington. Things were not too bad until the sixth inning when Stoughton garnered all of six runs.

The Abington boys returned to winning ways in their sixth game of the season with Bridgewater under the leadership of pitchers, Szematowicz, Buckley, and Brett. Bridgewater pitchers were Farrel and Lemee. Victory came our way only after thirteen innings marked by the fine relief pitching of Lemee and Brett.

WHEN I AM VERY RICH

Many times as I have sat in a large easy chair, my mind has wandered for a while, then finally centered on the idea of what I would like to do if I became very rich. I have often had the fantastic idea that I should like to have a huge tract of land, an abundance of food and water, several veterinarians, and many keepers. With such an outfit I would establish a reservation for dogs and horses that would otherwise be killed, because their masters could no longer profit by them and for those who were ill-treated. I would like to make it a home for horses and dogs somewhat on the idea of the homes for under-privileged children.

Have you ever thought about the lives some horses and dogs have? Some men take a very young horse and whip it until its spirit is broken, and then they brag about what wonderful trainers they are and say the horse is as gentle as a kitten. When a little older, the horse is forced to pull heavy loads or to run his heart out for a man that cares nothing for him unless it be to get as much money as possible from the poor beast's labor. If the horse loses a few times, he is considered as worthless. He is then taken to a horse auction where he is kicked around until sold. He is usually sold to someone who wants a cheap horse and who, therefore, will not be very careful of him. He is forced to draw heavy loads, and after a hard day's work he has a bad shelter and very little food.

A dog may be born in a respectable place and have a very kind keeper. Such a dog will naturally love his master very much. Then a man will drive up with a car and make some deal with the dog's owner and drive away with the dog. The new master will take the dog to a house where there are several children. Here he will be handled and mauled until he can stand it no longer. He will bite one of the children. As a result he will be killed for something that was not his fault.

I would like to be in a position so that I could take such animals as I have described and make them happy as long as they lived. It would give me more pleasure than anything else money could do for me.

Robert Adams, '42

BOOK SECTION

The Cruise of the Raider "Wolf", Roy Alexander

Sea stories and war stories are always good reading and in *The Cruise of the Raider "Wolf"* one finds a fine combination. During the latter days of the last great war, the German navy was bottled up in the Baltic Sea; but ten or twelve

armed raiders, disguised as tramp steamers, did escape through the British blockade to raid Allied shipping. The raider *Wolf* was such a ship. In 1916 this boat ran the blockade from Kiel, a German naval base, out into the open sea; and for many months busied itself in attacks on Allied commerce. During the entire period, the *Wolf* had no base, and, therefore, no supplies or fuel to take for the asking. The ship and its crew had to exist on food and fuel captured from the enemy.

Naturally the *Wolf* collected many prisoners in its travels, and since they could not be released for fear of disclosing the location of the ship, the captives had to be taken along. The story of the voyage of the *Wolf* is told by one of the prisoners taken during the early months of the cruise. All the thrills of being among men desperately fighting for their fatherland are narrated in as strange and compelling a yarn as has come our way in many a moon.

Chad Hanna, Walter D. Edmonds

In *Chad Hanna*, Walter Edmonds has created a new boy-hero who is the most lovable character that has been given to the public by any of the modern writers. Edmonds needs no introduction, as his popularity was established by his earlier stories: *Rome Hall*, *Drums Along the Mohawk*, and other stories of early New York state. Some of Chad's experiences with the small circus, with which he ran away from home, give us not only a good picture of circus life, but also make us really feel as this young man felt when some of the problems of life were thrust upon him. This novel appeared in a well-known magazine under the title, *Red Wheels Rolling*. It is truly, as Dorothy Canfield has expressed it, "the best of good reading throughout." This is not just another "small town boy makes good" story, but a true-to-life story of a boy who could be any one of us but whom fate decreed to be *Chad Hanna*.

Inside Europe, John Gunther

Inside Europe has been presented to the world in several editions, the first in 1933 and others at various intervals up to 1940. The most recent gives the situation up to the minute as seen by John Gunther, a news correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News*. Gunther has worked in many of the European countries in the recent crises and is one of the most respected experts interpreting the foreign situations as they occur.

This book tells the life story of Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, Daladier, Chamberlain, and many other well-known foreign dignitaries and statesmen. Anyone who really wants to know what is going on in Europe today can get the clearest picture of the situation by reading this book.

Rex Melville, '41

Cape Cod

Donald Davis, '41



At a recent assembly at Abington High School, Mr. Shelley Neal, a representative from the Hunt Potato Chip Company of Braintree, presented a large number of beautifully-colored pictures of Cape Cod and a picture showing the manufacture of Hunt Potato Chips. These pictures were entertaining as well as educational and as they were in natural color they were very attractive. Mr. Neal's pictures portrayed the beauty of Cape Cod in summer time. They also showed that the Cape was a sportsman's paradise.

Among some of the interesting pictures were those showing the large bridges across the Cape Cod Canal.

Gray Gables, the former summer home of former President Grover Cleveland and now a hotel, is located near the canal on Buzzards Bay. At Woods Hole the steamer was leaving for Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket. There was also a view of the large Marine Biological Laboratory at Woods Hole. Next, came a beautiful old village church on the village green at Falmouth.

Many camps were represented in his pictures. One of them was a girls' camp in North Falmouth and another a boys' camp in Orleans. The girls were shown in the dining hall at meal time, riding horseback, and swimming. Some boys were having a game of baseball and others were engaged in water sports.

Some of the sporting pictures were of golf at the Oyster Harbor Club, where a group of Rotary officials were playing golf. One great sport on the Cape is sail-boating, and some of the pictures illustrated a sail boat race. As the Cape is almost surrounded by water, it is a great place for fishermen and many sets of pictures depicted fishing. Some of the most interesting was the surf fishing, and one picture showed the place where fish were caught in large traps. There special cars are driven out into the shallow water of the ocean to collect the fish. At Dennis a crowd of people were fishing off Bass River Bridge.

One of the most popular sports on the Cape is swimming, and there were quite a few pictures showing this sport. There was a crowd swimming at Craigville Beach, one of the finest beaches in the world. There was certainly a

crowd at the Yarmouth Camp Grounds, which are located on a high bluff over-looking the ocean.

One of the newest sports on the Cape is sand-skiing. It was first started on the Cape and now it has spread all over the country. Young people ski on the sand dunes in view of the ocean.

Some of the most beautiful pictures were those showing the flowers of the Cape, and the marine scenes. One of the most beautiful floral scenes, was a rose covered house in Chatham.

Many large hotels are situated on Cape Cod. The "Cape Codder" in Falmouth is one of the largest. The day that this picture was taken, Howard Johnson was having a barbecue for all his employees. The picture showed the food being cooked out of doors. An interesting place where tourists may spend a night is the Colonial Village at Hyannis. The cabins in which the people stay are all miniature replicas of genuine colonial houses.

An old mill at Brewster, which was the forerunner of the United Shoe Machinery Corporation was shown, with its old water wheel. The mill was located near a picturesque water fall.

There are many historical points of interest on the Cape. A few of them shown in Mr. Neal's pictures are the Old Indian Church at Mashpee, where in the summer the real Mashpee Indians give a pageant. Corn Hill in Truro has a brass marker commemorating the finding in 1620 (by the Pilgrims) of corn on this hill. Most of the old windmills of the Cape have disappeared or are no longer in working condition. The town of Eastham has restored one of the old windmills in that town and it now grinds grain as it did long ago. If tourists wish, they can buy some of this grain for a souvenir.

There are all kinds of dwellings on Cape Cod, running from small camps to palatial mansions. A strange house is located at Bass River. It is really five or more houses joined together. The house has seven chimneys.

The beautiful home of John Keith who used to build freight cars at Sagamore was shown in the picture.

Mr. Neal showed many more pictures taken on Cape Cod and all were very interesting. The ones I have mentioned appealed to me most. These pictures made a very fine assembly and taught one much about Cape Cod and the manufacture of potato chips.

POETRY

Must It Be "Over There"?

Must we witness the fateful day
 When our boy shall approach his dad
 With these heart-gripping words and say,
 "I must go, dad. They need me there."
 And dad, whose thoughts are far away,
 Recalls, when he was just a lad,
 Back twenty years or more, the day
 When he joined in the ranks to bear
 The standard of the land he loved,
 With faith in Him and Heaven above.

It's all so horrible from here,
 To see the boys in army blue wave
 A last farewell to those held so dear.
 With watery eye and quivering lip
 We send him off with hearty cheer.
 We send our boy with heart so brave,
 So willing to endure and bear
 Untold toil and pain and hardship!
 Would that war in all its glory
 Had been buried in past history!

At last he's landed on foreign shore,
 To do or die, to give and take.
 His blistered feet are tired and sore
 From long and weary toilsome tramp.
 His numbed hand feels life no more,
 His every bone and muscle aches.
 When will this hell on earth be o'er?
 But there, afar is a signal lamp
 That comrades in distress have sent!
 On we plunge toward the battlement!

The sky is bright from bursting shells,
 The earth is rough from yawning hole.
 Buddies and comrades we once knew well
 Are broken and mangled, a bloody mess.
 A sad trial that's unparalleled;
 Plunging and fighting for unknown goals.
 Onward soldier give forth a yell!
 Forget this horrible ghastliness.
 Rally 'round and rout the foe,
 Send them on to misery and woe.

A shell explodes behind his back
 And sends him sprawling to his face;
 His nerves are numb, his mind is black;
 He lies quite still amidst the mud.
 Leave your helmet and your heavy pack
 Behind you in your resting place.
 Rest your gun in the mud and wrack,
 And praise Him that when dawn shall rise
 Then you'll have to fight and kill no more,
 But enjoy His peace forevermore.

Clifford Gates, '40

Progression

The beauty of spring surrounds us all,
 The stately trees, so green and tall;
 Glorious flowers, demure and shy,
 Paint a picture against the sky.

Mother Nature goes to work,
 Destroying traces of winter's murk.
 The birds sing gaily in the trees,
 As tight-rolled buds burst into leaves.

The world has donned its spring attire,
 No greater beauty could we desire;
 All Nature's beauty is enhanced,
 As spring days steadily advance.

Janet Smith, '41

Absent Was the Muse

Here I am in a terrible caper.
 I have to write for our high school paper.
 All night long I haven't slept a wink;
 The radio's still going and I can't think.

I can't write poetry and how I know it!
 I never was cut out for a school boy poet.
 It's a tough job, and a long hard pull —
 I'd rather get a homer with the bases full.

This isn't poetry, and it isn't wit;
 It's the best I can do, I will admit.
 I know this poem will make everyone weep,
 So excuse me, please, while I get some sleep.

Charles Imhof, '40

Moonlit Gardens

When lovers stroll — in lily gardens,
 they forget the world and its cares. . .
 in moonlit gardens.

While the "Lily Maid of Astelot" vainly
 awaited her Lancelot — she wandered —
 from the dusk —, into a moonlit garden.

As men march past, away from gardens,
 shrill sirens shatter the soft moonlight.
 You have gone from the moonlight and the
 garden — we two, no longer linger —
 in moonlit gardens.

Elaine, the lovers — may they not know
 what is happening now in their gardens! Men
 trample, bombs tear asunder. . . .
 blood stained craters — once moonlit gardens.

Jean Phipps, '41

Captain Kidd Comes To Life

Kathryn Emmons, '41



WAS as if I was there, I tell ya, 'twas in that little cove right off Funday," shouted the captain with gusto. "There were Capt'n Kidd astanding there as big as life ashowing his men just whar to put the gold."

The little group in the village store listened with rapt attention. As the word *gold* was uttered, a murmur ran through the little circle.

"Wal," the captain continued with a drawl. The captain was in his glory when he could be the center of attraction and he certainly had his wish this fine day. "I jest lay thar and hardly dared ta breathe fer fear I'd be discovered, and I'd no hankerin' fer that, fer Capt'n Kidd were a mighty fierce lookin' critter with a long black beard, and tangled hair, streaked with gray, and his beetle brows met at the bridge of his nose. 'Step lively,' shouted Kidd, 'or yal all be left ta guard the gold!' I ken tell ya, I were purty sca'r'd I'd be the one left aguarding it." Here the captain paused.

The only sound to be heard in Wiggin's General Store was the crackling of the fire in the little wood stove in the center of the room.

"I lay on my belly awatching them, not daren' to breathe," the Captain began again. "A large iron casket was hauled up from the beach. All this time 'bout half-dozen of the pirate band was adiggin' away and they had a hole 'bout eight or nine foot deep. The men climbed up outa the hole an' slowly lowered the casket into it. From whar I was layin' I could see their ship with the Jolly Roger aflying atop their mast. They had rowed ashore in a small dory which they had drawn up onto the shore.

"'Stir your stumps, you blasted swabs, or I'll cut the ears offen ya, an' bile ya in oil,' roared Capt'n Kidd. I kin tell ya I felt like as icewater was abeing sprayed up an' down my back. At last, the hole was filled up an' I says ta myself: 'Godfrey mighty, am I goin' ta see one of them poor critters shot in cold blood?' 'Line up ya blasted varmits,' thundered Kidd aswinging his sword. 'One of ya yellow-livered, spineless rats are goin' to be a corpse afore this sun sets.' They all lined up an' each one of 'um drew a straw from Kidd's hand. One poor fella drew the short straw. He wern't no more'n a boy. They tied the boy ta a tree an' Capt'n Kidd stood at twenty paces, aimed his pistol, an' 'bang!'"

At this point little "Bub" Hollis at last reached the end of his chair and with a crash

came to rest on the floor. The group was too spell-bound to hear.

"I woked up with a start. I swan, I thought it was I that was short." The Captain paused and eyed the group apprehensively. Yes, the little gathering sat enthralled, hanging on to every word the Captain uttered.

"It were nigh on ta sun up, so's I decided ta get up. I hussles into my clothes en' goes down ta the kitchen whar Martie was agittin' breakfast. 'Rustle up them vittels, I be in a hurry,' I says ta Martie." The Captain paused and continued after taking a second wind.

"After breakfast I hurries right over ta Zac Windship's house, I wanted ta tell him 'bout my dream afore I fergot it." The Captain stopped, and then continued.

"Wal Zac had just et his breakfast as I got there. I waited 'til the missis wus out of the way an' than I says I had sompin' ta tell him. Zac yells ta his wife 'I'm agoin' to mosey down ta the beach with Benjie.'

"We ambled outa the yar, but ones't out of sight we purty nigh ran," the Captain stopped and shifted his plug of 'tobaccee' from one cheek to the other, aimed, and hit the nearest spittoon; this accomplished he continued his tale.

"We found a lonely spot on the shore an' I told him my dream. Wal, slap my ears back, if'n his eyes didn't nigh pop outa his head. 'Now,' says I ta him; we has got ta be mighty secret like 'bout this business, meanin' the gold, of course, seein' how it wus on Zebediar Beal's land an' all of ya know what an onery critter he is.

"Wal, it was decided that 'bout midnight, Zac would sneak over ta my house an' hoot like an owl an' I would come out an' we'd go over ta the cove an' dig fer the treasure." The Captain stopped and dipped his hand into the cracker barrel which stood near him.

"Come 'bout midnight," continued the Captain, "I hears Zac's poor imitation of a hoot owl. Up I gets, an', shoes in hand, I jined Zac.

"The night wus dark an' just the stars shone an' them wern't very bright. Zac had a spade an I went an' got a lantern.

"It was slow goin' couse of its bein' so dark. At last, we reached Black Cove an' we measured from the big oak whar the boy in my

dream was shot. At last we found the place that Kidd buried his treasure, like I dreamed. 'You dig first an' I'll keep watch,' I says ta Zac. After a half an hour I changed places with him.

"By this time, the hole wus purty deep an' I climbed down an' starts to dig. All this time we had been talkin' in whispers. Zac wus atalkin' ta me when all to onct he stopped. I looked up ta see what wus ailing him, an' by the Great Horn Spoon, thar stood Capt'n Kidd right in front of Zac. Wal, Zac jest let out one yell an' took ta his heels with me after him." The Captain stopped and looked at his listeners.

"Next morning Zac an' I goes over to the cove, an', sure enough, thar wus a big hole an' ya could see whar a big chest had been taken outa it.

"Wal, that's as nigh as I come to bein' a rich man." The Captain sighed as he finished his story. "If'n any of ya not believe me, go over to the cove an' ya can still see the hole."

The last rays of the setting winter sun turned the little village into a rosy fairy land as the assembly in the general store broke up to go down to see the 5:32 from Boston come in.

"LUCK OF MIKE"

Mike's job was to pilot boats through the gap without touching the rocks off the coast of South Helstone, Spain. Mike, was not of Spanish blood, but he was an American who could not count his nationalities.

Tonight the Spanish moon was full and it made Mike homesick. "I think I'll take a walk down to the boat house and watch the boats," said Mike to himself. As he passed the shack he heard voices.

"Tonight eet weel be too bright for thees work, no?"

"But, Carlos, eef we wait for eet to get darker, the men weel again work thee lights and thee boat, she weel escape; no, tonight is de time!"

Mike moved closer; he knew that on moonlight nights the tower lights on the rocks were out.

"Have you the rope, Pedro?"

"Yes, Carlos, and de guns."

"That ees good for you, Pedro. Tomorrow we are rich men, eh?"

"So, that's their game, is it?" said Mike to himself. "They plan to wreck the Morrow line, steal the goods, sell them, and skip to the States."

Mike ran swiftly to his boat, pulled out into deep water and rowed until he reached the steamer.

Mike flashed his light onto the ship and got the attention of the watch. The crew lowered a life boat to take Mike on board and listened in amazement to his story.

"I will take you to another port three miles away!" answered Mike.

One hour later Mike and five of the seamen went to the shack. The Spaniards fired and a gun fight ensued, but the Spaniards were captured in short order.

When the seamen returned to their boat the captain asked, "Was there anyone hurt?"

"Only one, sir; the lad that saved us is dead," was the reply.

Charles Murphy, '42

ARTIST OF DARKNESS

What kind of man should I call him? He was neither the repressive type nor the hilarious sort. He belonged rather to the great span of friendly although not too wealthy men.

On a warm day, Jon Marte, was wishing. Strange for a grown man to wish? Don't mislead yourself; they yearn for much stranger things than magic roller skates capable of whisking them to the golden rainbow. Why, they even go so far as to wish for new lives, lonely islands in the tropical Pacific, and oh, for so many things that both my reader and I might be inclined to think only mythical.

Well, as I was saying, Jon wished many times, in fact every night along with his prayers. That is another thing you might think "grown ups" do not do, but they pray as no one else before them ever has. Their prayers are earnest and all confessions are truthfully made to the Almighty, not in our simple, childish language, but in the easiest way for a complete outlet of thought. Crude words are not extraordinary in any person's language, be he angelic or otherwise, whether he be speaking about a leaky bathtub or conversing with God concerning his existence in this shell-torn world.

Jon Marte wished and prayed and besought for one thing, the one thing that might take him to the top. He wanted to play his violin. Nights he had slaved, earning a shilling here and collecting six-pence table tips there. That had been in 1910 when he was only a stripling. He became more conscientious, his work became more important, his pay checks contained more figures; but six thousand dollars was a voluminous sum to raise, even for a violin. All the time he worked and practiced.

January twenty-ninth, nineteen-thirty-four was an eventful day in Marte's life. The violin was entirely paid for and he was to sign a five-

TAMKUN'S MARKET

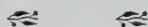
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North Abington, Mass.

year contract to play in the Boston Symphonic Orchestra as first violinist. That meant solo performance, huge crowds, wonderful applause. The day had come! Jon entered the agent's office, and sat down, feeling very much as though he were to recite his first piece. As he thought over what it was that meant so much to him, he gave a sigh of relief.

"No, I must not be excited, for it is only a bit of sharpened steel, a few drops of blue fluid, and a jerk of my wrist that is wanted."

The contract was set before him. Oh, why was he nervous and why would that loud-mouthed agent not turn off his motor? His fingers blindly clasped the pen and he scratched his name legibly on the line of tiny dots.

"I'm a first violinist, a soloist. People shall hear my music, feel emotion as my bow glides on the strings of my instrument. They shall applaud, applaud the Boston Symphonic Orchestra for wishful thinking."

Softly the violins tuned in, and soon the majestic swirls of the velvet curtain slid back, revealing a huge assembly. Music was in the hearts of the musicians, in their fingers, wrists, and graceful body movements; but among them all, Jon Marte possessed the ardent look of a master musician. He was a master musician, master of them all. He was unable to see the glowing faces of the audience, but he could smell the heady odors of the ladies' corsages, and the blended fragrance of their perfumes. He could only sense the beauty of the carpeted aisles, but he had triumphed!

His slender fingers lifted the light bow. All was quiet. Jon Marte played to an eager audience listening to an artist in whose world darkness and light were tragically intermingled.

Elsie Bowmar, '43

To the Seniors

Your day of leave is drawing nigh,
And you are breathing just a sigh
Of sadness.
We have heard you.

To the "Undergrads"

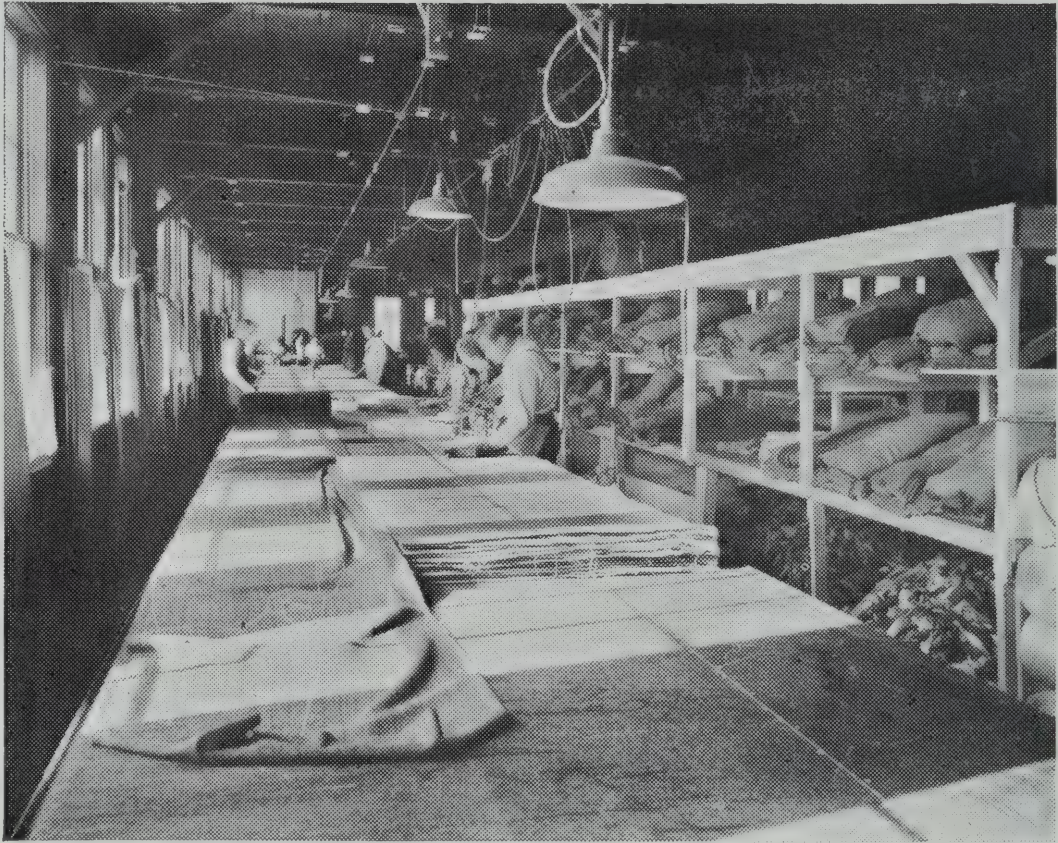
To you another year unfolds,
And you are dreaming joys untold
And gladness.
We have heard you.

Betty Gilman, '41

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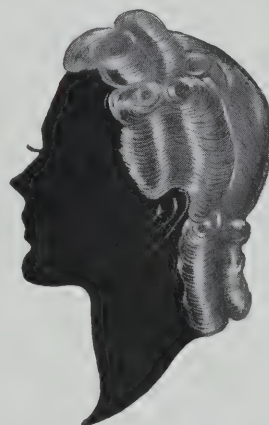
Conrad Shoe Co.

LOOKING FOR A DIGNIFIED VOCATION? *Study Beauty Culture* IN ITS MOST ADVANCED FORM

We prepare young men and women for a life of refinement . . . interesting work . . . security and prosperity. COURSES are complete and systematized, with sound proven principles correctly applied. Our INSTRUCTORS have been carefully prepared to a required standard, and each one is a GRADUATE of the ACADEMY itself. This feature insures capable presentation of all subjects which are essential in any professional training center. CLASS-ROOMS are spacious and modernly equipped . . . an entire building is devoted for this purpose. The number of high-class positions filled by our FREE PLACEMENT BUREAU has increased yearly for more than a decade, assuring undeniable success to our graduates.

MODERATE TUITION . . . CONVENIENT PAYMENT
TERMS . . . DAY AND EVENING CLASSES

*Further information regarding your own possibilities in this vocation gladly furnished.
Write for free booklet—or visit our Academy without obligation.*



WILFRED ACADEMY

of Hair and Beauty Culture

492 Bolyston Street

BOSTON

KENmore 0880

SANDERSON BROTHERS



North Abington, Massachusetts

Telephone Rockland 800

HEADQUARTERS FOR THRIFT SAVINGS AND HOME FINANCING

Enjoy Both
Attractive
Dividends
and
Insured
Safety
For Your
Savings

A
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Financing
and
Thrift
Savings
Institution
Since
Dec. 17, 1877

OPEN A SAVINGS ACCOUNT TODAY

**Security Federal Savings
and Loan Association
of Brockton**

40 Legion Parkway

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EDWARD J. ROURKE

We have large stocks of Atlantic Franklin of
Lykens Valley.

The famous Blue Coal, Lehigh, and Glen Burn
and Glen Lyon.

NEW ENGLAND COKE CONTRACTS NOW READY

Now is the time to fill your bins at the
low summer price

RANGE AND FUEL OIL

Contracts for Fuel Oil Now Available

Good Grades of Bituminous Coal for
Domestic Use

Telephone Rockland 1110

118 Monroe Street

North Abington

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ROME BROTHERS

are now stocking a complete line of

ELTO AND EVINRUDE
OUTBOARD MOTORS
and Marine Accessories

FISHING TACKLE . . . SPORTING GOODS

ROME BROS.

278 Union St.

Rockland 70

GRADUATION GIFTS

WATCHES

For Girls \$9.95 up

For Boys \$7.50 up

Smart Styles — All Guaranteed

PEN AND PENCIL SETS

Priced from \$1.00 up per set.

A Complete Stock of
PARKERS, WATERMANS and MOORES
BIRTHSTONE RINGS FOR GIRLS 3.50 up
ONYX RINGS FOR BOYS 8.50 up

Many Other Suitable Gifts
priced from \$1.00 up

CONVENIENT TERMS CAN BE
ARRANGED AT

GURNEY BROS. CO.

122 Main Street

Brockton

H. PALMER BLAKE

INSURANCE

1097 Washington St.

No. Abington

CAPEWAY SERVICE STATION

GAS — OIL — ACCESSORIES

Lubrication — Used Cars

926 Bedford Street

No. Abington

When You Have Lumber, Hardware
or Paint Problems

COME TO US FIRST

LOW PRICES — QUALITY MATERIALS

F.H.A. LOANS

TAUNTON LUMBER CO.

"AL" WILBUR, Gen. Mgr.

Telephone 1910

243 No. Montello Street

Brockton

MARTIN'S BAKERY

205 North Ave.

No. Abington

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Make the start now toward an electric kitchen by putting in the appliances—electric cooking, refrigeration and water heating. Cabinets and so on can come later. Meanwhile you will be enjoying extra service at less cost.

Brockton Edison Co.

**North Abington
Public Market**

MEATS GROCERIES VEGETABLES
FISH and FRUIT

Tel. Rockland 1354 200 North Avenue

ROY R. DAMON

Sales — PONTIAC — Service

Telephone 1572

288 North Avenue North Abington

RICE
FUNERAL HOME



15 Webster Street Rockland, Mass.

C. H. RUSSELL CO.

FURNITURE AND PIANO MOVING

Used Furniture For Sale

Storage Warehouse

North Abington, Telephone Rockland 189

BUSH'S MARKET

F. ZAKRZEWSKI, Prop.

Meats

Groceries and Provisions

Telephone Rockland 1363

North Avenue North Abington

Mention the ABHS when patronizing our Advertisers.

George D. Wheatley

**Your
Insurance
Problems
Solved**

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Successor to

ABINGTON OFFICE

**HOWLAND NASH  
& COLE, INC.**

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**DONOVAN'S**

Those Incomparable Hot Dogs

**After the Dance**

ALSO

Chop Suey and Hamburg

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**KAY'S MEN'S SHOP**

THE HOME OF GOOD VALUES

North Abington's

NEW MEN AND YOUNG MEN'S SHOP

Kay's Gives the Best

And Sells for Less

COME AND BE CONVINCED

218 North Ave. Crosley Block No. Abington

**S. C. CROSBY**

JEWELER

Expert Watchmaker

BUY YOUR GRADUATION WATCH  
ON OUR BUDGET TERMS

Whitman, Mass.

Tel. 262-M

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**Vernon Battery Station**

John W. Coleman, *Prop.*

Class of 1924

SUNOCO OIL PRODUCTS

TIRES

REPAIRS

Corner Vernon Street & Brockton Avenue

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**Robertson's Market**

J. S. Robertson, *Prop.*

MEATS, GROCERIES, FRUITS  
AND VEGETABLES

Free Delivery

Phone

1054 — Rockland — 1055

5 Center Avenue

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**Brockton  
Business College**

49th Year

Intensive Courses    Excellent Faculty

Employed Graduates

226 Main Street

Brockton, Mass.

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## McANAUL



### G. D. LEAVITT

OPTOMETRIST and OPTICIAN

### G. D. Leavitt, Jr.

OPTOMETRIST and OPTICIAN

Telephone Whitman 225

12 South Ave.

Whitman, Mass.

Keep Us In Mind For  
GRADUATION  
and after

## SHOES

Priced as Low as \$2.00

## LELYVELD'S

Rockland

## Steve's Sunoco Service Station

Tires — Tubes — Batteries — Oilzum Oil  
Greasing and Accessories

Telephone Rockland 1590

240 North Ave.

No. Abington

## LOW'S

GULF SERVICE STATION

OIL, GAS, AND GREASES

Expert In

Batteries, Lubrication, and  
Auto Repairing

Abington

Center

## Dun-Rite Cleansers

DYERS AND TAILORERS

HOSIERY — COTTON DRESSES

Children's Underwear

Cosmetics — Notions — Greeting Cards

Circulating Library

### JENNIE R. SMITH

## SPECIALTY STORE

Martin's Bakery Block

North Abington

## MACK'S LUNCH

North Avenue

No. Abington

Mass.

"A Home without a Piano is like  
a greeting without a smile."

## Shaw & Clements Piano Co.

Telephone 4500

32 West Elm Street

Brockton, Mass.

*Mention the ABHIS when patronizing our Advertisers.*



**Lumber – Coal – Fuel Oils  
Building Materials**

**HARDWARE — PAINTS**

**GENUINE FRANKLIN COAL**

**WHITE ASH      LEHIGH**

**GLEN BURN              AMBRICOAL**

**NEW ENGLAND COKE**

**Reed Lumber & Coal Co.  
Incorporated**

*Telephone Rockland 236*

**North Avenue**

**North Abington**

**LITTLEFIELD - WYMAN  
NURSERIES**

*FLOWERS*

*FOR ALL OCCASIONS*

*Our Telephone is Rockland 1200*

**423 Adams Street    North Abington, Mass.**

**JOHN MATHESON**

**GENERAL INSURANCE**

*Telephone Rockland 1181-M*

**526 Washington Street    Abington, Mass.**

**Karl Crook Motor Co.**

**CHRYSLER and PLYMOUTH**

**INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS**

**SALES—SERVICE**

*Telephone 760-761*

**Abington**

**Massachusetts**

**BUSH'S  
RED ROOSTER  
BARBECUE**

**DINE AND DANCE**

*Telephone Rockland 1596*

**Route 18**

**Abington, Mass.**

**M. F. THAYER**

**Dry Goods**

*Telephone Rockland 846-M*

**Bank Building**

**Abington, Mass.**

*Mention the ABHIS when patronizing our Advertisers.*

## Plymouth Rock Ice Cream

*"It's Good for the children"*



Manufactured under the

Sealtest System

of Laboratory Protection



Approved by

Good Housekeeping Institute



Served exclusively in our cafeteria

## Hohman's Flowers

Wedding and Corsage

Specialists

"FLOWERS BY WIRE"

Phone Rockland 350-W

*Battery Service*

*Painting*

## Peterson's Service Station

TEXACO PRODUCTS

GENERAL AUTO REPAIRING

Junction Oak and Bedford Sts. N. Abington

Gasoline and *GOODRICH TIRES* Marjak  
Motor Oils Lubrication

Telephone Rockland 1505

Beauty Shop Owners

Throughout This Section

Demand Beauticians Trained

at the

## International Institute

of

## Cosmetology

142 Main Street

Brockton

Booklet on Request

## Mi 31

### ANTISEPTIC MOUTH WASH

Offensive breath or Halitosis: Using Mi31 regularly will counteract any unpleasant odors due to unhygienic conditions!

*SAVE with SAFETY at*

## Bemis Drug Company

*"The Six Busy Rexall Stores"*

Abington — North Abington — Rockland

*"In Plymouth It's Cooper's"*

# Stall & Bean

*Manufacturers of*

High Grade Athletic Goods

BROCKTON, MASS.

*Mention the ABHIS when patronizing our Advertisers.*



*Placement Service  
Provided Free to all  
Graduates*



*Previous Commercial  
Training Not Re-  
quired for Entrance*

## Where Success Stories of Tomorrow Begin to Take Form

For 61 years, Burdett College has been offering specialized business training to the young people of New England. In its five-story, convenient building in downtown Boston, the success stories of tomorrow begin to take form. Here young men and women acquire solid foundations in business fundamentals, in skill subjects, and cultural-social studies. They learn to think for themselves, and to think straight. Carry hope into achievement by deciding now to learn more about Burdett College . . . its experienced faculty . . . its enviable reputation among employers.

# BURDETT COLLEGE

156 Stuart Street, Boston, Mass.

Send for Day or  
Evening Catalogue

HANcock 6300

Fall Term Begins  
September 3, 1940

## SMALL SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

Deposit 10c at a time until \$3.00 is accumulated.

An ideal way for children's savings.



## GENERAL PURPOSE CLUBS

Start at any time. Matures one year later.

FOR

VACATIONS  
COAL

TAXES  
ANNIVERSARIES

Weekly Payments

25c — 50c — \$1.00 — \$2.00 — \$5.00

Accumulates the amount you want at the time you want it.

# ABINGTON SAVINGS BANK



# NORTHEASTERN UNIVERSITY



## COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS

Offers a broad program of college subjects serving as a foundation for the understanding of modern culture, social relations, and technical achievement. The purpose of this program is to give the student a liberal and cultural education and a vocational competence which fits him to enter some specific type of useful employment.

## COLLEGE OF BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION

Offers a college program with broad and thorough training in the principles of business with specialization in Accounting, Journalism, Banking and Finance, Public Administration, Industrial Administration or Marketing and Advertising. Instruction is through lectures, solution of business problems, class discussions, motion pictures and talks by business men.

## COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING

Provides complete college programs in Engineering with professional courses in the fields of Civil, Mechanical (with Diesel, Aeronautical, and Air Conditioning options), Electrical, Chemical, Industrial Engineering, and Engineering Administration. General engineering courses are pursued during the freshman year; thus the student need not make a final decision as to the branch of engineering in which he wishes to specialize until the beginning of the sophomore year.

### Co-operative Plan

The Co-operative Plan, which is available to upperclassmen in all courses, provides for a combination of practical industrial experience with classroom instruction. Under this plan the student is able to earn a portion of his school expenses as well as to make business contacts which prove valuable in later years.

### Degrees Awarded

Bachelor of Arts

Pre-legal Programs Available

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DIRECTOR OF ADMISSIONS  
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